

The TATLER

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and BYSTANDER

London
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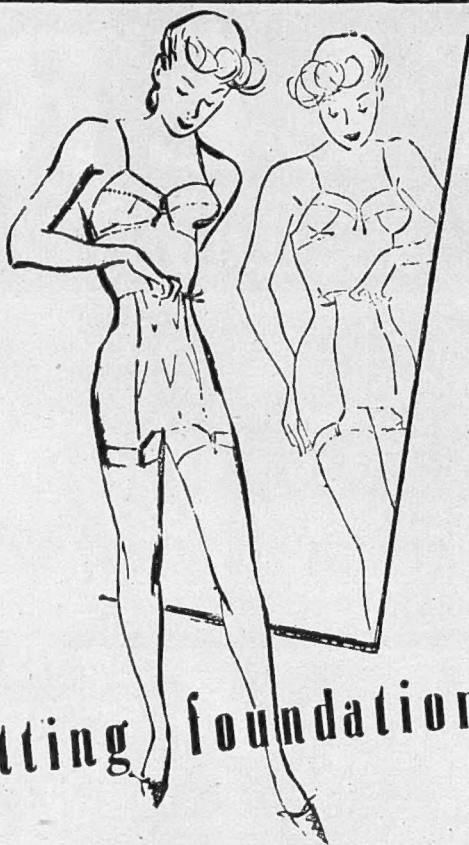
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Cecil Beaton

Sour Grapes!

"Poor darling, she looks like
an agitated Pea Hen."

Mrs. Olivia Brown, who has thrown away "the worser part" of her life—in the person of Sir John Fletcher—to "live the purer with the other half"—Michael, her son—and is now relegated to the backwoods of Baron's Court, gazes sarcastically, albeit nostalgically, at the illustrated paper sent on to her by a kind friend. "Sir John Fletcher and his beautiful wife enjoying a joke at Ciro's," she reads aloud. . . . "Poor darling, she looks like an agitated pea hen." Is there anything more to add? Except perhaps to make it clear that the words are Terence Rattigan's, the voice is Lynn Fontanne's, the play *Love in Idleness*



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Change

THE military situation has now completely changed and the Germans have been forced on the defensive on all fronts. There is the possibility, but it can be nothing more, that in their extremity Field Marshal von Rundstedt, or somebody else, may yet attempt another counter-offensive in the vain hope that the forces of the Allies now closing in on Germany might once more be disrupted and put off their balance. At this moment of writing it seems a vain hope, and I believe that it is. The massive strokes directed by the Russians are astounding in their strength and direction. Marshal Stalin has fulfilled his repeated promises. He is now bent on attacking the Nazi beast in his lair. The early progress of the numerous Russian offensives promised well. It seemed that nothing had been left to chance. Organization and timing were perfect. Although the Germans had warned their people that they could expect an offensive of this kind, even Nazi commentators took on a new gravity. One after the other they doled out their gloomy views until they must have sounded to any normal German like the prophets of doom.

Object

IT was not Marshal Stalin so much as these German commentators who told the German people what was the object of the new offensives launched by the Russians in Poland. The commentators said that Marshal Stalin's object was to bring the war to a quick and final decision. They said that the Russians were not confining themselves to a breakthrough into upper Silesia, Germany's vital industrial area, or at by-passing the strong German defences in the Warsaw area, or merely at a large-scale pincer offensive in East



Major-General at Work

Major-Gen. O. M. Lund, C.B., D.S.O., is Director of Royal Artillery, in which he was first commissioned in 1911. He went on a mission to Turkey in 1939, later becoming Deputy Director of Operations at the War Office

Prussia. Marshal Stalin was, in fact, aiming at all three objectives with one supreme purpose, the collapse of Germany's eastern front which would mean the decisive end of the war. One commentator declared that nothing that had happened in the five years of this war could be compared with the masses of men and weapons organized by the Russians. The Germans were told that this new offensive is without precedent in the scope of its planning, in the co-ordination of various attacks,



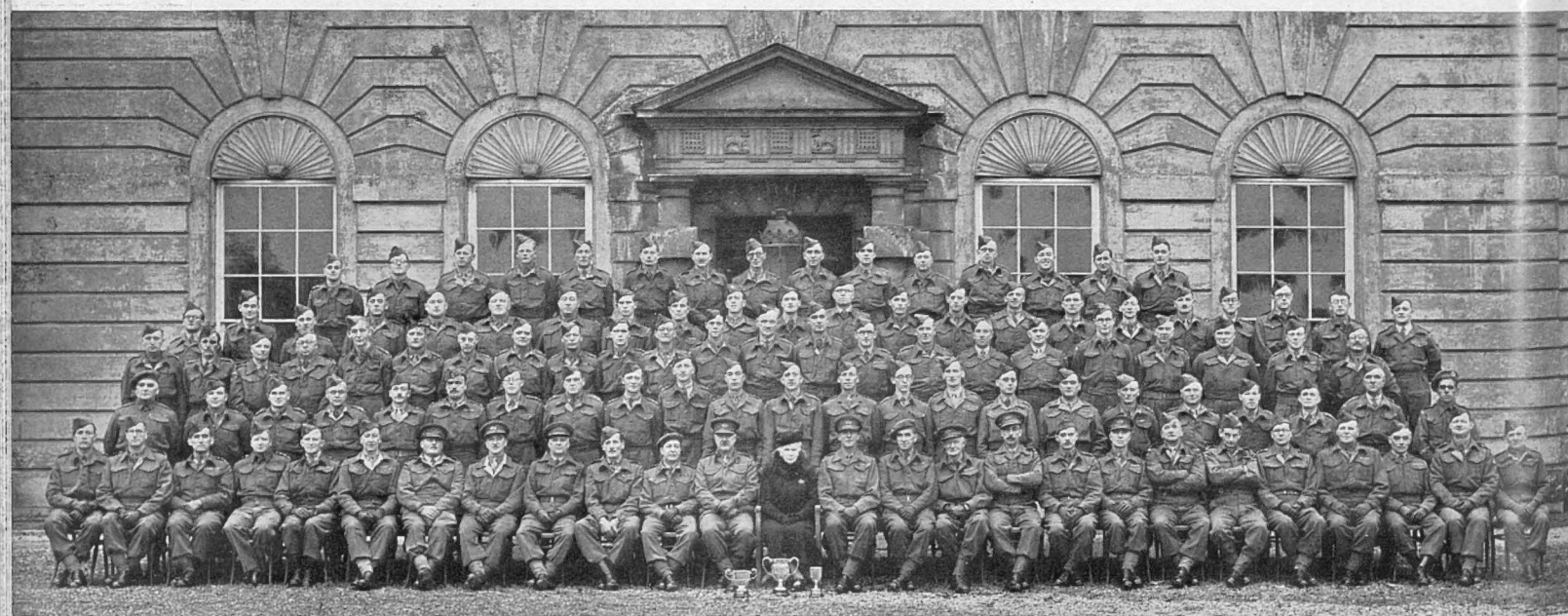
A Recent Promotion

Engineer Rear Admiral S. O. Frew, until recently a Captain, is the first officer in the Navy to have risen from the rank of engine room artificer. He joined the Navy as artificer apprentice in 1905

and in the total deployment of all forces. Finally, they were told it is an attempt to obliterate the entire German defence wall in the east and to drive right into the heart of Europe.

Scheme

SINCE the war turned against them, the German leaders have persisted in painting the blackest pictures of Germany's fate. These have been no mere etchings with light and shade. They have used every means in their power to impress on every German that the war can be lost. Obviously, in the beginning, there was purpose in this. It was to put every German on his mettle and to call forth from him his greatest effort. There may have been another reason based on German psychology, which was to produce the opposite effect in German minds. It is still a fact that many German prisoners, when they are captured, still insist that Hitler will win the war. Reliable reports from inside Germany also show that



Officers of the 6th Gloucestershire Battalion Home Guard

This photograph was taken on the occasion of a visit from Her Majesty Queen Mary. Front row: Capts. E. Kersey-Brown, C. J. Blackburn, H. E. Cheeseman, M.C., W. A. Daves, C. E. Fiske, Majors H. C. Harries, A. J. Howell, H. Newman, L. M. Harris, I. Picton-Turbervill, Capt. J. C. Crucefix (Adj.), Lt.-Col. D. W. Cleaver, D.S.O. (Batt. Cdr.), Queen Mary, Major the Duke of Beaufort, K.G., P.C., G.C.V.O. (2nd in Comd.), Capt. G. Hier Davies (A. and Q.), Majors the Earl of Westmorland, R. K. Brooks (Senior M.O.), D. W. Gourlay, M. J. Eaton, H. F. Lee, Capts. J. C. Chilcott, A. W. Wells, T. H. Baker, G. Castle, D.C.M., M.M., H. Willis, R. C. Barlett

W. Dennis Moss



British Ministers Receive Soviet Awards

M. Gusev (right) presented at a ceremony at the Soviet Embassy Orders awarded by the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. to several British leaders. Lord Beaverbrook, Lord Privy Seal, and Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, Minister of Production, were there to receive the Order of Suvorov First Degree, and are seen here drinking a toast with the Soviet Ambassador and his wife



C.-in-C. Meets Minister

Gen. Sir Bernard Paget, C.-in-C. Middle East, was at the airport to greet Sir Edward Grigg when he arrived in Cairo to take up his duties as Minister, Resident in the Middle East, in succession to the late Lord Moyne

there is not, among individuals, that complete hopelessness that one would imagine. A large proportion of the people of Germany still believe that somehow they will win the war. In other words, the gloomy Goebbels has been working to a plan in order that no shock suffered by Germany can rock the Nazi organization. There may be some other purpose behind this gloomy propaganda, as well as a scheme. It is difficult to imagine that the Germans are without any plan to deal with the situation which would arise if the Russians or the Anglo-American forces were to break into Germany proper. They have had plenty of time to prepare one, and before jumping to conclusions about the outcome of the present military situation, we must await the disclosure of German intentions under this, the greatest combined threat ever faced by Germany in modern times.

Through

WE are now able to assess some of the intentions behind Field Marshal von Rundstedt's sudden thrust before Christmas. Primarily we must assume that its object was to disrupt the Allied forces gathered in the west. The Germans were anticipating an attack of co-ordinated character from the Anglo-American forces which might be timed to fit in with the approaching offensives of the Russians. The German High Command had to decide whether it was more profitable to launch a counter-offensive against the Russians, or try a break-through in the west. We now know that they decided to maintain static defences in the east and attack in the west. Field Marshal von Rundstedt's offensive in the west failed. It is difficult to assess, of course, how far it succeeded in disrupting the Allied organization. Obviously it unbalanced any plans the Anglo-American forces may have had, and at the same time imposed heavy casualties, and caused expenditure of a considerable amount of material which had been gathered in readiness for the Allied attack. The Germans can, to this extent, claim that Field Marshal von Rundstedt's offensive was a success. But was this primary objective his real aim? I have never been in doubt that Field Marshal von Rundstedt had something more in mind than the unbalancing of the Anglo-American forces, and my views have been confirmed from official sources.

He wanted to make a quick dash towards Brussels and Antwerp and, perhaps, to Calais.

It was a gamble. If it had succeeded, what was the next purpose of the German High Command? I suggest that either Field Marshal von Rundstedt would, on reaching any of these objectives, have sought terms from Britain and the United States, or, alternatively, turned to the Russians and demanded a separate peace on the grounds that Marshal Stalin's Allies had been routed once again, and therefore, he could not rely on them. At the time I pointed out in these notes that Field Marshal von Rundstedt's appointment as leader of the new German offensive was puzzling. In the early days of the German defeats in Normandy he was replaced by von Kluge, who committed suicide. While it is still possible that Field Marshal von Rundstedt was removed from the Normandy front to organize German forces nearer home, I believe that there was a political purpose in giving him charge of the counter-offensive.

Token

As I remarked earlier, it is impossible for anybody outside the higher directorate of the war in the west to know how far Field Marshal von Rundstedt succeeded in disrupting Allied plans and organization. But it is significant to me that after Field Marshal Montgomery assumed control of the British and American forces north of the Rundstedt bulge, there was no hasty or large-scale counter-offensive from the Allies. In his own words Field Marshal Montgomery set about tidying his lines, restoring the balance of his forces and creating reserves. Then there followed a process of pressure for the purpose of squashing the bulge. Then came a sudden attack by British infantry and armour on the German Dutch frontier north of Sittard. This attack may not prove to be the major counter-offensive; it may only be a token offensive in order to prepare the way for a much bigger assault. But I have always been of opinion that when the Anglo-American forces made their big bid to force an entry into Germany proper, it would be somewhere in Holland. I am certain that Field Marshal Montgomery will not waste any opportunity. He has been waiting for quite a time to hit the Germans hard, and assuming that he has the material at hand, he will do so, always remembering that "Monty" is no flash General. He does not strike until he is sure. His record in this war shows this to be true.



Middle East Pass-Out Parade

Lord Gort, V.C., High Commissioner for Palestine and Transjordan, inspected officer cadets and took the salute at a march past and pass-out parade at the Middle East OCTU

Investigation

A DELEGATION of Members of Parliament representing all parties will go to Athens to seek the facts of recent events in Greece for themselves. The Prime Minister agreed to this after the Labour Party had suggested that a group of their Members should be allowed to make the journey. Obviously, no Government could allow an Opposition party latitude of this kind. But it is all to the good that representatives of all Parties should have the opportunity to investigate for themselves. So many charges have been levelled against the Government for their handling of the situation that it will be refreshing to obtain a collective account of what has really happened. Nobody can have envied General Scobie his position in Athens, but the generous tribute paid to him by the Prime Minister will be some reward for the efforts he has made to restore peace and order in one of the most difficult situations yet produced by this war.

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Ush and Shush

By James Agate

I SHALL devote my first paragraph this week to inviting the usherettes at a well-known West End cinema to desist from continuous chatter within hearing of the audience. The last three films I have seen at this house have been spoiled by these young ladies discussing their ailments, their quarrels, the letters from their boys. Again, there is no reason why usherettes should not "date up" with American

soldiers; I cannot think of anything more entirely right and proper. But I suggest that the arrangements for "dating up," or the arguments against it, or the protestations of reluctance in the matter of such dating-up, should not be conducted within six feet of the filmgoer who is trying to pay attention to the film. The first function of the usherette is to ush; the second is to shush.

THERE were always three excellent reasons why Margaret Kennedy's *The Constant Nymph* (Warners) should be a popular success. First, there is the heart-of-a-child motif. Second, the early demise of the heroine, a theme popular from the time of Shakespeare's Juliet to Louisa M. Alcott's Beth. The third reason is perhaps the most important of all—this is the passion of the bourgeoisie for making artistic allowance. "You expect art to be turned on like the electric light" says this play's musician, whereby the audience understands that it is permissible to applaud in an artist conduct which it would not tolerate in the man who mends fuses. Sanger was by general consent a great artist. Which means that we are to forgive him for being a great drunkard, without enquiring too nicely whether the great art produced the craving for brandy, or whether the brandy produced the great art. Lifelong teetotallers have been seen to reel home on leaving the theatre, vicariously drunk on the exploits of Sanger and his kind.

Is it possible that there is a fourth and even more compelling reason for this film's obvious popularity? This is the eliciting of the audience's collaboration in a masterpiece, and the compliment implied in, as it were, taking that audience behind the scenes. Lewis Dodd is a composer who has not published or even written anything that could be called Opus I.

He has only put one or two little tunes together, the best of them being something called "Tomorrow," one of those pieces of derivative emotionalism which presently become the theme-song of films with names like *Moon Over Madagascar*. And then Lewis marries, alas, the wrong woman. He should, of course, have married that little flower, Tessa Sanger, but he chooses instead that worldly bouquet called Florence. The result on his music? The audience leaps at the suggestion that the result of an unhappy marriage is to turn the manufacture of musical sweetmeats into a modernist more cacophonous than Béla Bartók at his worst. Indeed Florence gives a grand *soirée musicale* at which her husband's latest creation is performed on two pianos. Arrangements are then made for a concert at the Regent Hall, at which Lewis's work is to be presented with a popular conductor, a famous London orchestra, and all the rest of it. Then Tessa arrives and points out to Lewis that the new stuff has no heart in it. And shaking her pigtailed at him she proceeds to amend the work within ten days of its performance, with the result that the cloying little ditty called "Tomorrow" emerges as a Symphonic Poem for Voice and Orchestra. With the singer situated—where does the reader suppose? On the conductor's left? No, bang behind the tympani and cymbals! Frankly, I don't see Eva Turner or Oda Slobodskaya submitting to this to please Edmund Goulding or any other film director. Anyhow "Tomorrow," that piece of nougat we first heard in the Bavarian highlands or somewhere, is born. It pours out the wine of love's young dream as experienced in high altitudes; you might call it the Liebestraummilch of that passion.

TESSA is extremely well played by Joan Fontaine. Charles Boyer, whatever character he is pretending to be, always reminds me of that luckless youngster in Arnold's class in *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. "Construe," said the Doctor. "Triste lupus, the sorrowful wolf," the boy began. . . . As Lewis, our old friend is the sorrowful wolf of our dreams. The film sticks very closely to the play until it is four-fifths through, when it suddenly decides to do without Miss Kennedy's last act.



1872. Major Augustus Parkington, rich, flamboyant gambler (Walter Pidgeon) meets Susie (Greer Garson) the beautiful daughter of a Nevada boarding house keeper; shortly afterwards they are married



Mrs. Parkington, Based on Louis Bromfield's Novel, is the Biography of a Grand Old Matriarch

1876. The Parkingtons are by now well known in New York. Susie has proved an apt pupil and soon learns the fads and foibles of society



1938. Mrs. Parkington, now a widow, but still regal and witty, is disappointed in her own children, who prove worthless, but finds in her grandchild Jane (Frances Rafferty), a spark of the old Parkington spirit. She gives her blessing to the girl's marriage to Ned Talbot (Tom Drake), an impecunious but ambitious young man

and instead gives us Tessa expiring on the hearthrug. But whether it is from heart-disease, or emotion at hearing that symphonic poem, or annoyance with the wireless atmospherics we are not told.

Mrs. Parkington is one of the most magnificently silly films I have ever sat for two hours on a floor to see. (I suggest that M-G-M should either enlarge its private theatre or issue fewer cards for its Press-shows.) I haven't read Louis Bromfield's novel; the film as I saw it the other afternoon struck me as handling the theme of Granville Barker's *The Voysey Inheritance* in the manner of Daisy Ashford's *The Young Visitors* combined with Amanda Ros's *Delina Delaney*. I do not believe that the New York "Four Hundred" ever

lived in houses like the one in this film. Instinctively I thought of Clapham Hall whose floors were so polished that Delina's feet "ran in different directions from under her." I do not believe that the most vulgar of American millionaires, when they give a dance, hire two dozen chefs; while the serried ranks of waiters put me in mind of Lord Gifford's "dim-wigged footmen." And as for that foreign king who is this picture's *deus ex machina*, how was it possible that I should not bethink me of Buckingham Palace's reception of the Earl of Clincham and Lord Hyssops: "The Prince tapped on the table and instantly two menials in red tunics appeared. Bring three glasses of champagne commanded the prince and some ices he added majestically. The goods appeared as if by magic and the prince drew out a cigar

case and passed it round. . . . It upsets me said the prince lapping up his strawberry ice, all I want is peace and quiet and a little fun and here am I tied down to this life he said, taking off his crown being royal has many painful drawbacks. True mused the Earl."

WHEREUPON I did a little musing. Why cannot M-G-M, with all its millions, hire somebody to tell it that the telephone, with or without the dialling device, was not in use in 1879? Or that in 1899 women did not use nail-varnish? Or that at no time did English carriage horses wear long tails? I may, of course, have misunderstood the picture. In which case, my excuse must be that the floor of a theatre is not good for the seat of understanding.



Charles Boyer is Lewis Dodd, Joan Fontaine is Tessa in the Latest Film Version of "The Constant Nymph"

Lewis Dodd (Charles Boyer) is visiting his old friends, the Sangers, at their home in the Swiss Alps when Albert Sanger dies suddenly of heart failure. Lewis assumes responsibility for the three girls, Paula (Joyce Reynolds), Tessa (Joan Fontaine) and Tony (Brenda Marshall), and the arrival from England of their only relatives, Charles Creighton and his daughter Florence



Florence Creighton (Alexis Smith) is a new sensation for Lewis Dodd. He is fascinated by her and within a week they are betrothed. The shock of the news is too much for Tessa who, secretly, has always loved Lewis, and she has a heart attack



Lewis, now Married to Florence, and Living in London, is Lionized by an Adoring Public

Over in England Tessa and her younger sister, Paula, are sent to school. The restrictions are irksome after the freedom of their old life and they run away. They go to Lewis and Florence in London

Lewis is unaware of his true feelings until after a stormy scene with Florence he realizes he has always loved Tessa. The final blow comes when Florence discovers that flowers supposedly sent to her by Lewis have, in fact, come from Tessa, who has relied on Fritz (Peter Lorre) to tell Lewis of her plan to bring about a reconciliation between himself and Florence

The Theatre

"The Years Between" (Wyndham's)

By Horace Horsnell

THE course of true love, says Lysander, never did run smooth. I wonder what would happen if for once it did; if from curtain rise to curtain fall the romance of hero and heroine ran its unruffled course, free from the buffets of fate, tiffs, misunderstandings and what not imposed by inventive dramatists. Would the novelty please or be damned? That we shall probably never know, since Lysander's seems to be the prevailing view among dramatists ancient and modern.

We know to what shifts some of them are reduced—the writers of musical comedy, say—to prolong suspense, eke out a parsimonious plot, and delay too intrepid a happy ending. But while Miss Daphne du Maurier is a somewhat stern dramatist, and subscribes to Lysander's opinion, she is too firm a storyteller to resort to such devices. She may not believe in spoiling her characters with kindness. Such happiness as she may allow them is paid for with interest.

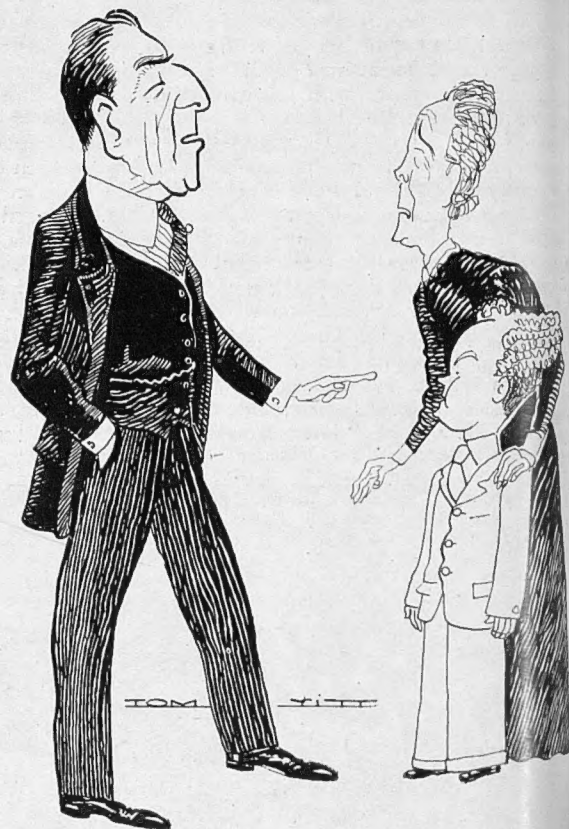
The stories she tells are vivid, and have a progressive, infectious excitement. She creates characters who take their emotions from life without prejudice to such arbitrary experiences as the story itself may impose on them. Both in *Rebecca* and in *The Years Between* she matches realism to romance so persuasively that suspicion of either may not be felt until the play is over, and that tiresome spoil-sport, Miss Rosa Dartle, begins to take the gilt off the gingerbread with her artful inquisition.

THIS question of weighting the scales against felicity does arise when one reflects on the tragedy of Michael Wentworth

and his wife Diana. Miss du Maurier certainly has a flair for troubling the course of true love, and exercises it here with exciting ingenuity. Having ostensibly widowed Diana, to whom Michael was everything, she consoles her with the love of a devoted young farmer and election to her missing husband's seat in Parliament, before bringing Michael back from the supposed grave on the eve of her marriage to the farmer.

This, one would have thought, was dilemma enough in itself to furnish tragic material for any play. But the years between Michael's disappearance and catastrophic return have generated incompatibilities between husband and wife which are as surprising to them as they seem insuperable. And one feels that romance has begun to throw off the fetters of realism in order to intensify the drama. For whereas Diana's development from devoted, home-loving wife to ambitious politician, replete with self-importance and a gift for platform gab, may be accepted, Michael's acquired idiosyncrasies seem in the circumstances not merely unlikely but little short of fabulous.

The story of his adventures during the years between, like that of his death and resurrection, was an official fake designed to cover his momentous activities as a Secret Service agent and brilliant liaison officer between the Government and the underground movements



Advice from a Cabinet Minister: Sir Ernest Foster (Allan Jeaves) has a word with Nanny (Henrietta Watson) and her young charge Robin (John Gilpin)

abroad. And while a happy ending promises to link up the years before with those to come, one feels that much of the interim inflicts on the principals concerned dubious distresses and somewhat arbitrary manipulation of the dramatic machinery.

THREE outstandingly good performances do much to carry off what may be felt to be the play's shortcomings.

Mr. Clive Brook's Michael is so workmanlike that its technique alone is good entertainment, despite reservations in one's acceptance of the character. Mr. Ronald Ward's clever study of the young farmer has both sense and sensibility; and Miss Nora Swinburne has in Diana a part that happily blends her charming personality with her integrity as an artist. Mr. Allan Jeaves, as an old family friend, speaks for the Government; Miss Henrietta Watson endows the faithful old Nanny with imperial authority, and Master John Gilpin plays Diana's school-boy son with the unaffected spontaneity that seems a prerogative of the young generation who take to the stage these days like ducklings to water.

The most interesting character in the play is, one feels, Miss du Maurier herself. Her personality pervades it. Her true talent for romantic invention and progressive narrative is pronounced. She has feeling and a sense of fate; and while complete conviction may not be there, her emotional sincerity makes amends.

Sketches by
Tom Titt



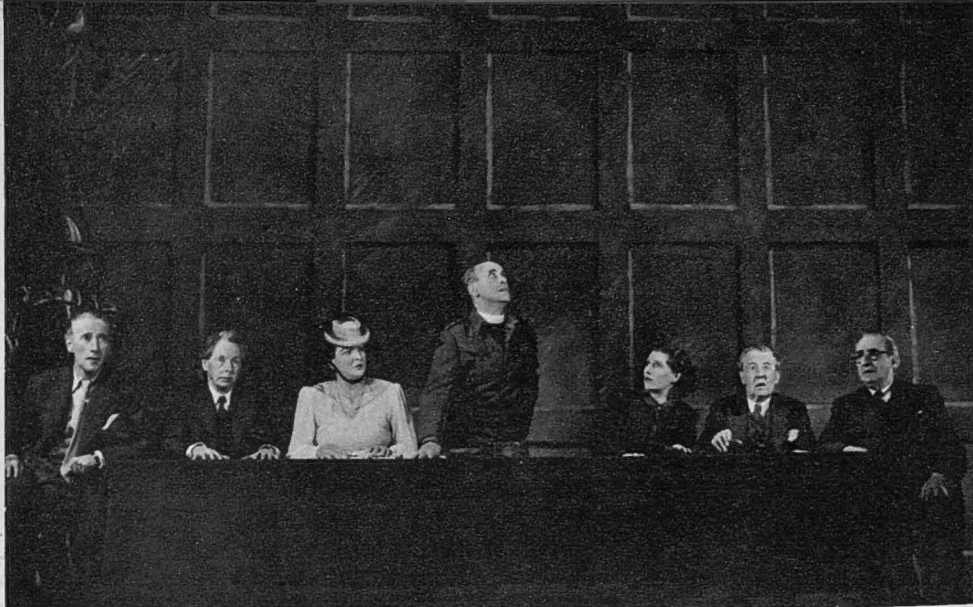
The Eternal Triangle: The unexpected return of Michael Wentworth (Clive Brook), who was presumed dead, complicates the existence of his wife, Diana (Nora Swinburne), and her would-be husband, Richard Llewellyn (Ronald Ward)

A Bridie Play

"It Depends What You Mean"
is at the Westminster Theatre

James Bridie's comedy *It Depends What You Mean* has been running at the Westminster Theatre since October. An Army padre (Alastair Sim) organises a Brains Trust for the amusement and edification of the Forces in an Army recreation-hut. The leading question, "Is Marriage a Good Idea?", involves some embarrassment for the members of the Brains Trust, in particular Angela Prout (Angela Baddeley), her artist husband George (Wilfred Hyde White) and their friend and guest James Mutch (Oliver Johnston), whose private lives are made public property. Their fellow-members of the Brains Trust are Viscountess Dodd (Nuna Davey), Joe Byres, Scottish Labour M.P. (Walter Roy) and Hector Macadam, M.D. (O. B. Clarence)

Photographs by John Vickers



Padre: "What on earth's happening to the lights?"
The Rev. William Paris (Alastair Sim) has left the stage management of his Brains Trust session to his A.T.S. driver Jessie. Jessie's ideas on suitable lighting effects are a little disturbing



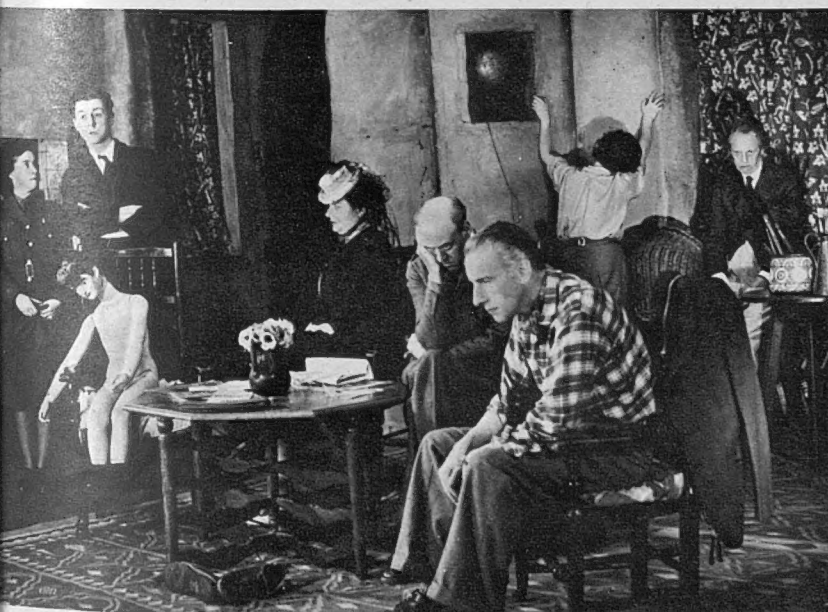
Jessie: "You've got to be human, see? This Brains Trust isn't human"

Private Jessie Killigrew (Margaret Barton) finds fault with the members of the Brains Trust who evade the questions put by members of the Forces audience



George Prout: "Is he your lover, or what?"

Jessie's insistence on an honest answer to "Is Marriage a Good Idea?" produces unexpected results which lead to a family row between George (Wilfred Hyde White), his wife Angela (Angela Baddeley) and their friend Professor Mutch (Oliver Johnston)



Jessie: "I think we should ask Walter what he thinks.

He looks a bit soft, but he's all there all right"

The result of the Brains Trust is to plunge the Prout family into the deepest gloom. Jessie suggests her boy friend Walter (Alec Faversham) may be able to help



Angela: "Oh, what's the use . . . ? George, why must you leave braces all over the place?"

In spite of everything, Angela and George realise that there is a lot to be said for this marriage business, after all. The Brains Trust session has been a shake-up, but they are ready to settle down again

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Lord Wigram to Retire

LORD WIGRAM'S decision to retire from his important—and exacting—duties as Deputy Constable and Lieutenant-Governor of Windsor Castle, after eight arduous years, will be regretted in many places besides Buckingham Palace and the Castle, and by many people in a host of different spheres who have come into contact with his friendly charm and efficiency. To no one does the news come with greater regret than to the King and Queen, since both Their Majesties regard him in the light of an old and tried personal friend, as well as a most trusted counsellor.

At seventy-two Lord Wigram has been finding the strain of his many tasks a little too great, and though his spirit is as young, his mind as active and his voice as cheery as ever, he decided just before Christmas that he could no longer adequately carry out his duties as Deputy-Governor, Keeper of the King's Archives and Permanent Lord-in-Waiting, as well as his more personal activities as Chairman of the Red Cross and St. John Sports Committee, president of the Westminster Hospital, director of the L.N.E.R., and so on.

Future Plans

LORD WIGRAM'S retirement will not take place probably until Easter, and the official

announcement will be delayed until the King has decided on a successor. Till then, Lord and Lady Wigram are remaining at their lovely home in the Castle, Norman Tower, with its famous moat garden, where Lord Wigram, an immensely enthusiastic gardener, spent some of his happiest hours. Afterwards, they intend to live in town, where Lady Wigram has lately been busy looking for a suitable house. Lord Wigram is retaining, of course, his appointment as Permanent Lord-in-Waiting, and intends to devote most of his energies otherwise to his work for the Red Cross and St. John.

Whether his successor will, as he has done, combine the two offices of Deputy for Lord Athlone, the Constable and Governor of the Castle, and that of Keeper of the King's Archives, is a matter for the King to decide. Neither post is a sinecure, for the Deputy Constable is directly responsible for the personal safety of the King and Queen when they are in residence at the Castle, and the Keeper of the Archives shares with Sir Owen Morshead, the King's learned librarian and Deputy Keeper, responsibility for the records of all Royal events, and a good many Royal secrets.



Married in Westminster Cathedral

Major C. S. Scrope, The Green Howards, son of the late Mr. Stephen Scrope, of Middleham, Yorks, and Mrs. Scrope, married Lady Mary Egerton, daughter of the late Earl of Ellesmere and of Violet Countess of Ellesmere, in the Lady Chapel, Westminster Cathedral.

Birthday Party

MRS. ANTHONY EDEN received the guests with Mrs. Littlejohn Cook when they gave a joint party at the All Services Canteen Club recently to celebrate the fifth anniversary of the opening of the Club, and also to celebrate the award of the B.E.M. to Mrs. Littlejohn Cook in the New Year's Honours List in

A New Year Ball at Grosvenor House:



Dancing: G/Capt. T. F. D. Rose and his wife, daughter of the late Lord Hirst



Laughing: Lt. J. Mayers and Miss Evelyn Rose, younger daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Rose



Talking: Lt. R. Buckmaster, Mrs. Ellis, elder daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Rose, and Mr. A. Wheatley



Lt. Hamilton-Dalrymple, son of Sir Hew Dalrymple, sat with the Hon. Moya Campbell and his sister, Jean



Here is Mr. Denzil Newton with Miss Morna Buxton, daughter of Lt.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. E. N. Buxton



Lady Dugdale, wife of Sir William Dugdale, was being entertained by Col. Sir William Makins



THE TATLER
AND BYSTANDER
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Swaebe

An Anglo-American Wedding in London

The marriage of Gen. W. C. Warren, U.S. Army, and Miss June Willock, only child of Air Marshal R. P. Willock and Mrs. Willock, took place at All Saint's, Ennismore, Gardens. Above are the bride and groom with Major-Gen. Sir Arlington Chichester, who gave his niece away in the absence of her father in Washington, and Lady Chichester

recognition of her great work for the Services. King Peter of Yugoslavia had hoped to be present, but at the last minute a meeting of the Yugoslav Council prevented this. Another whose presence was greatly missed was Mr. Anthony Eden, but Mrs. Eden had the very able support of her second son, Nicholas, in entertaining the guests. Simon, the elder

Eden boy, is training to be a bomber-pilot, and Nicholas, who is so like his brilliant father in looks, is still at Eton.

The rooms were crowded with representatives of all the Allied Governments and fighting Services, and much-decorated uniforms made it a brilliant throng. Mrs. Littlejohn Cook is a clever linguist; she speaks four languages

All-Services Club's Fifth Anniversary

Mrs. Littlejohn Cook, who was awarded the B.E.M. in the New Year's Honours, founded the club five years ago. She is seen here at the anniversary celebration with Capt. Casper Swinley, R.N., Mrs. Anthony Eden, president of the club, and Mr. Wellington Koo, Chinese Ambassador

fluently and was able to converse with many of the officers present in their own tongue—a very pleasant surprise for them, particularly for the Russians, who seemed quite delighted.

Cutting the Cake

BEFORE Mrs. Eden cut the birthday-cake, which was made and beautifully decorated by Mrs. Littlejohn Cook, Capt. Grant, deputising for Mr. Eden, made a short speech in which he

(Continued on page 106)

Dancing in Aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital



At this table were Mrs. Walter Duncan, Lady Enid Turnor, sister of Lord Westmorland, and Major T. Warter



Miss Rosemary Turnor, daughter of Lady Enid Turnor, and Lt. Forbes Patrick were amused



Looking serious at table No. 22 were Miss Elizabeth Wyndham and Col. D. McLean



Mr. Christopher Bethell and Miss Bridget Keppel were sitting out together between dances



Sub-Lt. J. W. Matthew was 'one of those in uniform at the dance, and was with Miss Patricia Measures



Foursome: Miss A. Mellersh, Mr. Charles Clarke, Lt. Graham-Vivian and Miss P. Palmer



India Command's Supply Chief in London

Lt.-Gen. Sir Wilfred Lindsell was photographed with his wife and younger daughter, Jennifer, when he was in London for conferences at the War Office. He is Chief Administration Officer, India Command. His elder daughter, Priscilla, was married this month to Lt.-Cdr. C. L. Round-Turner, R.N.

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The Adrian Hendersons' Son is Christened

Gavin Adrian, baby son of Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Henderson, was christened at the Roman Catholic Church, Ascot. Mrs. Henderson was formerly Miss Marieluz Dennistoun-Webster, and her husband is a son of the late Capt. the Hon. Alec Henderson and Lady (Murrrough) Wilson



A Wedding in Cairo

S/Ldr. Frank Pilling, R.A.F., and Flt./O. Maureen Guest, daughter of Col. the Hon. Sir Ernest Guest, Minister of Air and Internal Affairs for Southern Rhodesia, were married in the Lady Chapel, All Saint's Cathedral, Cairo

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

said how much the Services all appreciated this Club, how hard both Mrs. Eden and Mrs. Littlejohn Cook had worked for its success and how tremendously the homely comfort and really good food found there were appreciated by all the men and women using the Club. The Club was one of the first to entertain wounded soldiers, first from Dunkirk, when Mrs. Littlejohn Cook herself met all trains and arranged transport for the men, then from Tunisia and recently from Normandy. Apart from the parties given to ambassadors and officers of the Allies, of which this was the eighteenth, the Club has organised many dances and concerts, as well as five theatre matinees for wounded soldiers and for men and women of all the fighting Services.

People There

AMONGST the noted guests were the Soviet Ambassador and Madame Gousev, the Greek Ambassador, the Belgian Ambassador, the Czechoslovakian Ambassador, the Chinese Ambassador and Mrs. Wellington Koo, the Polish Ambassador and Countess Raczynska,

the Netherlands Ambassador and Madame Verduynen, the Norwegian Ambassador, Major-Gen. Strugsted, the Norwegian Military Attaché, the High Commissioner of Australia and Mrs. Bruce, Admiral Furstner, Admiral Stark, Gen. Phaff, Admiral Wilson, U.S. Navy, Col. Lord Grimthorpe, who commanded the Yorkshire Hussars in the Middle East earlier in the war, Sir Montague Eddy, Commander Lord Dunwich, M.P., who is the Earl and Countess of Stradbroke's son and heir, Sir Ronald Ross, M.P., and Rear-Admiral Sir Arthur Bromley.

Wedding

THERE were many pretty and smart young married women at the marriage of Lady Mary Egerton to Major Conyers Scrope, among them the bride's sisters, Lady Jane Scrope and Lady Susan Askew, her sister-in-law, Lady Ellesmere, and her cousin, Mrs. Hedworth Williamson. The ceremony was a quiet one and took place in the Lady Chapel in Westminster Cathedral, lasting little more than a quarter of an hour, as the bride is not a member of the Roman Church. She looked quite charming in her short frock of ice-blue crepe, with matching toeless sandals and a turban toque, with masses of veiling all of this delightful colour. The weather was as vile as it well could

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A Dinner Party Seen from Two Sides

Photographs at Cairo's by Swacht

In a row were Capt. the Hon. Richard Stanley, Mrs. J. J. Astor and the Hon. Robin Warrender. Mrs. Astor was Señorita Ana Inez Carcano, daughter of the Argentine Ambassador

On the other side of the table were Major J. Hambro, the Hon. Mrs. Michael Astor, Mr. Hugh Astor and Mrs. Hambro. Major and Mrs. Hambro were married in 1942



Miss Clarissa Borenius uses hers to go to work at the Polish Ministry of Information. She is the younger daughter of Professor Tancred Borenius, celebrated art connoisseur and historian



Miss Sonia Graham Hodgson is another worker in a Polish Government office. She is the nineteen-year-old only daughter of Mr. Harold Ringston Graham Hodgson, the well-known radiologist



Mrs. Alexander Edward Dalmahoy leaves her home, Auchindinny House, near Penicuik, to bicycle to work at a Services canteen in the district. She is the elder daughter of the late Mr. John Inglis

Busy People Use Bicycles with Baskets as a Means of Transport

Broderick Vernon



"Next of Kin" Parcels

Examining parcels to be sent by the Australian Red Cross Society to Australian prisoners were Mrs. H. Creswick, Lady Owen, Commandant of the A.R.C., and Sir H. Treford, president of the London Committee



In Charge of the Fernleaf Club

Lady Freyberg, wife of Lt.-Gen. Sir Bernard Freyberg, V.C., is seen at her desk at the Fernleaf Club for New Zealand Forces in London. For two-and-a-half years she did the same sort of work abroad



Returned from Australia

Mrs. Walter Elliot, as chairman of the National Association of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs, visited Australia recently to thank the people there for all the gifts they had sent to Britain



A Couple of Tables in a London Restaurant

Mrs. Boyd-Rochfort, Major David Smiley, M.C., Mrs. Diana Smyly and Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort had started dinner. Capt. Boyd-Rochfort married the Hon. Mrs. Henry Cecil in July



Photographs at Giro's by Swaeb

Col. Charles Sweeny and Lady Isobel Mills were two more at the same restaurant. She is the youngest of Earl Soudes' three sisters

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

By frankly revealing that Rundstedt caught the Allies temporarily on the hop, Field-Marshal Montgomery has deprived numbers of hardworking military commentators of a dinner in Mayfair some years hence, if this makes your heart bleed.

Commentators, we mean, like Henry Houssaye of the Académie Française, whose classic work on the 1815 campaign, published 80 years later, hands out unexpected raps with the impartiality of a tired brass-hat reviewing a (late) Home Guard field-day. Inefficiency and blundering on both sides, apparently. Napoleon a mere wavering ghost of himself, who allowed Ney and Grouchy to let him down. Wellington, instead of spending a gay night at the Duchess of Richmond's ball with so many of his officers—who had to run to rejoin their regiments next morning, when the trumpets blew the assembly, in silk stockings and silver-buckled pumps—should have been concentrating his too-scattered forces; and so forth. Low marks all round except for Blücher, the conscientious boy.

Towards the year 2020 the military commentators would normally be dining out everywhere on their unique discovery that Rundstedt's 1944 counter-offensive was a big surprise. Now no decent hostess is likely to overlook their dinnertable habits of lecturing and scratching. Apart from stealthily pinching modest young girls.

Glasshouse

THAT invitation to architects to compete for a new "non-glass" Crystal Palace will infallibly remind you art-lovers of the apocalyptic hullabaloo the BBC boys kicked up when the old Palace was destroyed by fire in November 1936, like a gaggle of minor prophets wailing over the fall of Jerusalem.

We weren't alone in finding those solemn radio elegies and odes and sobs and tralala a trifle excessive. The old Crystal Palace was an absurd monument to Victorian megalomania, though we grant you the theatrical shudders of the Chelsea art boys were too slavishly copied, perhaps, from the traditional shudders of the Montparnasse boys at the Eiffel Tower. Anyhow, the authorities are right to eschew all-glass next time. Glass is a vile architectural medium, except for growing flowers or fruit. For this reason we always defend the enormous black-glass

conservatory in Fleet Street, opposite St. Bride's, which houses Europe's most breathtaking collection of orchidaceous blooms (*orch. journ. Beaverii*), and, next to the Palm House at Kew, is the best example of big-scale horticultural glass-building in the country. Ask the attendant to show you the *Agateum egotisticum*, a worldfamous specimen, worth a guinea a word and maybe getting it.

Uisgebeatha

SCOTCH VALLEY distilleries being again more or less in full blast—though not for you, we fear—we looked up a Gaelic dictionary and found that whisky (*usquebaugh, uisgebeatha*) means "life-water," or eau-de-vie. Which is quite charming, even if it gets you thirsties nowhere.



"A little song, maybe, but I see nothing about wine and women"

Uisgebeatha is the water a Yeats or Synge fairy bears in a magic cup to old dreamy men in green boots with thoughts of clouds, and we've often wondered how you'd behave in such circumstances. Rough forecast:

FAIRY: Let you be supping this now, a *chara*, for there's a great sorrow is coming over the dark sea, the Sidhe do be hosting in Knocknarea, the way Maeve and Fand would be wailing this night in the high house of Cruachan, and they pacing the gold floor with the stars in their burning hair.

This makes you look a bit silly, we guess. Embarrassed pause.

You: Oh, yes? (Or "Really?" Or "I see.")

What an exhibition! Think how gracefully each of the old dreamy men would reply, firmly reaching for the magic cup meanwhile.

1ST OLD MAN: There is a storm coming surely, and we'd best be walking the western road while the night is young. (Drinks.)

2ND OLD MAN: It's in little dread I am with a shiny moon is rising above the hills and the goats that do be lepping to the stars above. (Drinks.)

3RD OLD MAN: Well, here's mud in your eye, baby. (Drinks.) The fairy turns eagerly to him.

FAIRY: Say, have you ever been in Chicago?

3RD OLD MAN: Have I been on Chicago!

FAIRY: Listen, do you know a fairy in Chicago called Joe Silberstein?

And there we are, launched on an enchanting interlude. You may ask why the setting is exclusively Irish. Because the only fairy water-distilled nowadays is called poteen. It is naturally forbidden to distil it under heavy penalties, and how exquisite it is.

(Concluded on page 110)



"We shall have to break him of that"



The Herald: "The King seeks a bride for his son"
The Herald (Geoffrey Dunn) arrives at the home of Cinderella with an invitation for each unmarried daughter of the house. Cinderella (Audrey Hesketh), standing beside her father (John Ruddock), watches her stepmother (Elliot Mason) and step-sisters (Doris Gilmore and Megs Jenkins) a little enviously

The Farjeon Fairy-Tale

"The Glass Slipper" Re-Tells the Age-Old Romance of Cinderella

● St. James's Theatre is the scene of one of the most charming productions for years: it is Robert Donat's presentation of *The Glass Slipper*, a fairy-tale based on *Cinderella* and written by Herbert and Eleanor Farjeon. Modern conventions of pantomime are ignored: instead of comic dames and variety turns, the Harlequinade takes its traditional place before the finale. Music by Clifton Parker adds enchantment to this fantasy, where grandfather clocks have voices, rocking-chairs talk, brooms dance, and fire, air and water obey the commands of a fairy godmother. Decor is by Hugh Stevenson, ballet and harlequinade by The Ballet Rambert, and choreography by Andree Howard

Photographs by Swarbrick Studios



Fairy Godmother: "Earth, Air, Water, Fire, this child attire"
The Fairy Godmother (Gabrielle Daye) and her four spirits (Margaret Scott, Brenda Hamlyn, Joyce Graeme, Jean Stokes) dress Cinderella for the Ball at the King's Palace



Cinderella: "Let me go. Let me go"
The clock strikes twelve. Cinderella remembers the Fairy Godmother's words. Terrified, she seeks to escape from the arms of the Prince (Eric Micklewood)



"Zany, witless and wise, show your Prince where Nowhere lies"
With the aid of the Fairy Godmother, the Zany (Lulu Dukes) transforms the throne-room into a background for the Harlequinade. Harlequin is danced by Walter Gore, Columbine by Sally Gilmour

Standing By ...

(Continued)

Scheme

ALWAYS ready to rally round Harley Street, we feel one way out of the present confused chitterings over a State Medical Service (hiya, slaves!) and the Future of the Hospitals might be a return to the early 18th-century system, which was very easy to understand and produced plenty dough for clever medical boys.

There were then two Tory hospitals, Bart's and Bethlehem, or Bedlam, and two Whig hospitals, Guy's and St. Thomas's. Your ambitious young doctor put on his best black-velvet suit and lace ruffles, powdered his best tie-wig, took his gold-headed ebony cane, and tripped round to either the principal Tory coffee-house (Batson's), or the principal Whig coffee-house (Child's), where the powerful Party boys foregathered. After a few years of intensive flaffa and flattery he either got a plummy job for life or starved, and in either case the experience vastly improved his bedside manner.

Politics are not taken so seriously nowadays, and a Tory (Conservative) surgeon will probably operate, if asked, on a Whig (Liberal) patient, despite the traditional reek of warm oil which attaches to Whigs, open or closed. Simonite Liberals claim incidentally to smell of Parma violets and even their best friends daren't tell them, a chap in close touch tells us.

Birdie

Nobody on the Press asked the first triangle, the assistant-glockenspiel, or the first bird-call of the Hallé Orchestra for impressions of their recent Belgian tour. Nobody ever gives these lowly workers a show. The bird-call, a chap tells us, gets his revenge in Wagner pieces like *Forest Murmurs* or *Siegfried's Journey to the Rhine*,

where he can put all sorts of disturbing noises across the conductor.

"Hey, you! What sort of a bird d'you call that?"

"That, Sir, was an emu."

"Last time I asked you said it was a whinchat."

"The types, Sir, are not dissimilar."

As no orchestral conductor knows anything about birds (or at least Rhenish forest birds of the Nibelungenlied era) he lets it ride. Our feeling is that an emu here and there in Wagnerian opera would improve some of it; for example, if that tedious bore Lohengrin galloped in on a spirited emu instead of being jerked slowly along by a swan. In place of his aria "Thanks, my beloved Swan!" he would then sing:

Thanks, my beloved Emu!
How greatly I esteem you;
Thy top-note so divine
Is rich as Empire Wine (etc.).

The Lohengrin could still be as short and stout and ridiculous as the standard Lohengrin, but the emu would make everybody sit up; apart from which there is the valuable tie-up with Australian burgundy for the Advertising Side. Hey-lissen-Joe-tell-Izzy-tell-Ike-tell-Alf. Fifty-per-rakeoff-saturation-sales-conscious-overhead-display-limit-consumer-bing! Same again, miss.

Revolt

OWING to a dearth of lamplighters in Harrogate the local council is shouting for volunteers from the citizenry, which suggests a reform in Harrogate's night-life.



"We're a deputation from the fourth coach back—what's all the delay about?"

Most British spas could do with a clean-up, no doubt. Bath, the one we know best, is slightly improved since Jane Austen grabbed the lid off, and such notorious dives as Smoky Joe's and Mother Midnight's and The Hell Dump and Charley the Chink's no longer flourish. That Austen girl knew the Bath underworld as modern girl novelists know the seamy side of Port Said and Buenos Aires. When we get among the more refined and earnest intelligentsia we often complain of the coarseness of her language and the disgusting behaviour of her characters. This often leads to a conversation as follows.

"You surely can't mean Jane Austen?"

"I do mean Jane Austen."

"Why, she never wrote an improper line in her life!"

"Well, I expect I'm a bit priggish, but I really do think some of her dialogue is rather shocking."

"Shocking?"

"Well, perhaps I'm old-fashioned, but I don't think a woman should write in that way."

"But she never—"

"I'm afraid I strike you as rather a prude?"

"Really I can't imagine what you refer to!"

"The thing is to develop this theme and quote bits of Rabelais, still very earnestly, till the refined intelligentsia is quite dazed and tied in knots and trying to make sense. You then say quietly: 'Please do not make matters worse by a descent into sheer pornography, you liquorish cad,' and walk away. It keeps the earnest ones away henceforth."

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"I don't care how broadminded you are, Miss Stevenson, it doesn't make things one whit less embarrassing for me"

Women in the War



Mrs. Douglas-Bate has been Chief Officer, W.R.N.S., of the Dover Command for over a year. She is the wife of Major C. H. L. Douglas-Bate, Royal Fusiliers, and is the only child of the late Vice-Admiral Sir Percy Douglas, K.C.B., C.M.G.



Left:
Miss Patricia Keen is serving in the W.R.N.S. She is the daughter of the late Mr. Charles Keen, of Cardiff, and of Mrs. Tristram Harper. Her stepfather, Lt.-Col. Reginald Tristram Harper, O.B.E., is County Director of the British Red Cross and was High Sheriff of Surrey in 1943.



Above:
Miss Mary Candy is a Second Officer in the W.R.N.S., and has been serving abroad for more than two years. She is the only child of Rear-Admiral A. H. C. Candy, C.B.E., R.N., and Mrs. Candy, of Southsea.

Photographs by
Harlip, Bertram
Park and Hay
Wrightson



Miss Elizabeth Aubrey-Fletcher, only daughter of Major Sir Henry Aubrey-Fletcher, Bt., D.S.O., M.V.O., and Lady Aubrey-Fletcher, of Chilton House, Aylesbury, is working at the Foreign Office. She has four brothers, one of whom is a prisoner of war.



Left:
Miss Gillian Benson, elder daughter of G/Capt. C. E. Benson, D.S.O., R.A.F., and Lady Morveth Benson, works at the Foreign Office. Her father is attached to the Eighth Army Headquarters, as Military Administrator, A.M.G., and her mother, a sister of the Earl of Dudley, is Vice-President of the Hampshire branch of the British Red Cross.

Lure of the Lunts

At Their Brilliant Best in
Rattigan's "Love in Idleness"



Olivia: "No, you're far too useful making tanks, and anyway, that would make me a sort of femme fatale, and I'm much too in love with you to want to be that"
Sir John Fletcher offers to resign from the Cabinet and ask his wife to divorce him so that he can marry Olivia Brown



Sir John: "You've told him nothing whatever about me?"
Olivia tells John that she is expecting her son Michael to arrive home from Canada, where he was evacuated at the beginning of the war



Olivia: "It's either you or him"
Michael has delivered an ultimatum to his mother. Either Olivia must leave John or he (Michael) intends to walk out



Olivia: "I do it exactly the way the man tells me on the wireless"
Olivia, who has deserted Sir John and the old Mayfair life, is back in Baron's Court with Michael. Cooking is not her forte



Michael: "This is my Mother—Lady Fletcher"
Olivia's son has grown to young manhood. He disapproves of Olivia's association with Sir John and arranges a surprise meeting between his mother and Lady Fletcher (Kathleen Kent)

● **Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne** are back in London at the Lyric Theatre, appearing this time in a British play written specially for them by Terence Rattigan. The scene is set in Westminster. Here we meet Cabinet Minister Sir John Fletcher (Alfred Lunt) and his charming mistress, Olivia Brown (Lynn Fontanne). In spite of war, life goes by very happily in the Fletcher home until the arrival from Canada of Olivia's seventeen-year-old son Michael (Brian Nissen). Under Michael's determined influence everything is altered. The play is directed by Alfred Lunt with settings by Michael Relph

Photographs by Cecil Beaton



John: "He'll be telling you to 'throw away the worser part of your heart and live the purer with the other half'"
Olivia: "I'll smack his bottom if he does"

John and Olivia discuss Michael's Hamlet-esque attitude to their home life



Olivia: "It's a dried egg omelette, I'm afraid"
The old life of cooking and housework is not easy for Olivia, but she finds Michael growing a little more human as he himself falls in love



Michael: "I paid 16s. 4d. for it in the Black Market"
Disappointment in love makes Michael more sympathetic. Meeting John unexpectedly, the two find a common ground for understanding



America's First Lady : Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt

Karsh, Ottawa



A Hockey Match Between Oxford University and Sandhurst O.C.T.U.

D. R. Stuart

Oxford University Hockey XI. beat Sandhurst O.C.T.U. by 1 goal. Their previous victories include those over Birmingham and London Universities, the R.N. College, Keyham, and St. Mary's Hospital. Sitting: K. A. R. Erul, P. L. Pickering, J. Dossetor (captain), P. S. Moore, I. Kelsey Fry. Standing: D. J. Carmill, D. B. P. Blackwell, M. T. D. Womersley, P. D. R. Smith, B. P. Grove, C. H. Mead, Trinity

Sandhurst O.C.T.U. Hockey team, who lost to Oxford, have beaten the Polytechnic, Reading University and the Royal Veterinary College, and lost to Kingston. Sitting: S. S. M. Hutchinson, Capt. K. Thorn, Capt. A. D. Lewis (captain), Lt. Dobbie, G. Sandys-Winch. Standing: M. Hudson, D. Berwick, Cpl. Stockton, E. Chadwick, K. R. Sims, D. Uzielli

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

S.E.A.C.

THE *Souvenir of S.E.A.C.*, the paper published in Calcutta from an office which I used to know very well (*The Statesman*) for the Supreme Allied Commander South-East Asia, has just reached me, and it can be said at once that it combines a magnificent literary and pictorial record of the Burma campaign, fought over a terrain the extent and the difficulties of which only a comparatively few people comprehend. This Journal is reprinted in Great Britain, and is published by H.M. Stationery Office at the extremely modest price of 3d. It is worth more than ten times that to anyone, even to someone who has never been in Burma, or beyond, for it will capacious enlarge his knowledge, both historically and geographically, of what has happened upon one of the most vital of the battlefronts of the whole World War. This S.E.A.C. Souvenir opens fire with

a reprint of Lord Louis Mountbatten's address to the Press in August 1944, and is embellished by a most excellent picture of the Supreme Commander, taken, I should say, at the time when he spoke. The address is a review of seven months of very bitter fighting. It is not proposed here to detail it. I make just this one extract: "We do not want a lot of lime-light—in fact, we do not want any—but I go round and talk to the men in the Command, and what worries them is that their wives, their mothers, their daughters, their sweethearts and their sisters don't seem to know that the war they are fighting is important and worth while, which it most assuredly is."

Cold Steel

VERY few people in these ultra-modern and highly-civilised times in which we exist have seen an encounter with the weapons which

our forefathers much preferred to the Divorce Court. The number of these lucky people has been recently reduced by one. There is probably no fellow-countryman of ours now living who has actually participated in an épée contest with the naked blade, but it was not so very long ago that two people, whom I knew, had to take on this sort of thing in earnest. One was a Britisher, the other (longer ago) was a Frenchman. I judge it to be more politic to place the former incident in that non-committal period called "once upon a time." The surrounding circumstances would have provided a first-class plot for Hollywood or the play-actors. Here are the cold facts. The original disagreement occurred in a country about a week's steaming from France, a land in which they seem to turn a blinder eye upon these little affaires than is the custom elsewhere, so Paris was mutually agreed upon as the battleground. So far so good. The aggrieved party, having the right, selected duelling pistols. Two days, however, before the date, he sent his seconds to my friend's representatives to say that he had changed his mind and had elected to fight with the épée. In view of the fact that he was known to be about the best exponent, amateur or professional, anywhere west of the Port Said lighthouse, it seemed a bit strange that he should not have chosen his pet weapon in the first place. He was so

(Concluded on page 116)



Coventry Rugby XV. Beat the Leicester Harlequins

D. R. Stuart

Coventry XV. have not suffered defeat from any other club for four years. They beat Leicester Harlequins by 27 points to 8. On ground: H. Pateman, C. Ambler. Sitting: J. Brumfit, E. Wright, G. Dipple, H. F. Wheatley (captain), N. J. Stock, H. Greasley, I. Preece. Standing: C. H. Broadhurst (chairman), C. Harris, H. Walker, Herbert Wheatley, L. Richardson, R. Tilbury, J. Sparkes, F. Caffelle

Leicester Harlequins are being captained by a Dublin University player, D. I. Lockington, who plays centre-three-quarter. On ground: E. E. Hopwell, A. Ashurst. Sitting: G. R. Starkey, T. A. Cann, G. I. Humphrey, D. I. Lockington (captain), W. K. T. Moore, R. Smith, W. E. Neal. Standing: L. Vanner (linesman), H. W. Leach, A. E. May, J. D. Day, G. Haybittle, G. E. Whitehead, A. E. Brown, L. G. Stephenson, W. L. Kenney (manager)

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

tactless in his state of red-hot rage as to make his reason for his change of choice known. He said openly that he meant to kill his man.

Indignation

THE news soon leaked out to the various Salles d'Armes, and also the fact that the defender had never had an épée in his hand in all his life. The star Maîtres d'Armes were full of indignation, because they knew the challenger's form to a dot and realised that what he meant was cold-blooded murder. So all the cracks took the defender in hand for forty-eight hours' intensive training, and tried to teach him every trick they knew, especially focussing upon what is called the straight-arm guard—that is, the art of following the other chap's point, and of, if possible, never letting him disengage his blade. The experts warned the defender that if he tried anything else he was almost certain to get it through the body or the neck. Fortunately, my friend was very fit, active as a cat and, most important of all, not muscle-bound. Footwork and flexibility are about 50 per cent. of this game. The experts tell you that given these, and a knowledge of the straight-arm guard, you will be unlucky if the enemy manages to get farther in than your forearm. News of the dirty work which was toward seeped across the Channel, and a very select band of enthusiasts somehow managed to

go over in time, as they hoped, to prevent it. In the outcome, the men fought pools totalling over an hour, and proceedings were only brought to a close by the challenger getting his point through the defender's hand. A fine performance for the loser, considering the circumstances. The hand wound, of course, was totally disabling; also it swelled up, though I suppose it should not have done so, for I understand that they are most particular about disinfecting the blades, and that, if a point touches the ground or coir matting, as the case may be, the "watch-dogs" strike up the weapons and insist upon a clean pair. However, that's that! There are more things done in the field than ever get into dispatches.

The Gordon Boys

LIEUT.-COLONEL GRAHAM SETON HUTCHISON, D.S.O., M.C., whom I have the honour to count as a friend of some years standing, has kindly sent me a copy of a monograph, *Gordon and the Gordon Boys*, written by himself and presented to the General Gordon National Memorial, on the executive committee of which he is. It is as attractively written, as it was bound to be, coming from the pen of so distinguished an author (*Footslogger*, *Kitchener the Man*, *The W. Plan*, etc., etc.), and the cover, a picture of a Gordon boy, is also Colonel Seton Hutchison's work. He is an R.O.I. and paints pretty nearly as well as he writes, which is saying a good deal. Colonel Seton Hutchison is not an ex-Gordon Highlander himself, for he was in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, but as the Gordon Boys' School is a foundation which trains boys for all the

Services, this fact is of no material consequence. January 26th is the sixtieth anniversary of the murder of Gordon of Khartoum, and this year is the Diamond Jubilee of the foundation of the Gordon Boys' School. This monograph, other things quite apart, is a valuable historical summary of the Nile relief expedition. General Sir Ian Hamilton, who is one of the oldest and most distinguished living Gordon Highlanders, has contributed a foreword, and as he was in the relieving force, which, unhappily, never got up the Nile in time to save Gordon's life, no one could be better qualified. Sir Ian Hamilton, incidentally, was with the Gordons upon another historic occasion—Dargai, in Tirah, North-West Frontier of India. He was then about forty-four, and "Short-speech" Mathias was commanding the Gordons, a part of the weak brigade under General Yeatman-Biggs. What Mathias said was: "The Gordons will take it." "It" was a quite ugly, well-sangared hill position held by a horde of Afridi toughs, every man Jack of whom was a first-class shot and perhaps an even better swordsman. A *sangar*, for the information of anyone who may not have come across it, is a stone-faced trench. General Ian Hamilton's ninety-second birthday was on January 16th. Ninety-two is one of the regimental numbers of the Gordon Highlanders—a happy coincidence! The General issued an invitation to his birthday party, "to meet the boys of the Gordon Boys' School," who were his honoured guests. A charming gesture. Gordon was besieged in 1885 by the Dervishes: the Memorial School to-day is besieged by its needs. The address of the treasurer is West End, Woking, Surrey.



Lady Burney and Brig.-Gen. J. Wigan saw Daphne du Maurier's new play



Major the Hon. Carol Fellowes, brother of Lord Ailwyn, was with his wife



With Major Kimball, M.P., was Brig.-Gen. R. Tindall, American Military Attaché



Brig. and Mrs. Money were there, and Miss Browning, sister of Lt.-Gen. F. A. M. Browning, Chief of Staff S.E.A.C.



Col. Iain Murray, Commander of the Glider Pilot Regiment, was at the theatre with Mrs. Murray



Capt. J. M. Pearson, founder of the Airborne Forces Security Fund, talked to Col. Wouters

A Performance of "The Years Between" for the Airborne Forces Security Fund

On Active Service



D. R. Stuart

Naval Personnel at a R.N. Air Station

Sitting: 3rd/O. D. Payne, 2nd/O. E. Cowell, Cdr. H. S. Pugh, O.B.E., R.N., 3rd/O. M. G. Sweeny, 3rd/O. K. M. Pritchard. Standing: 3rd/Os. J. Hinton, G. M. S. Thomson, J. I. Pynsent, P. N. Chadhorn



Officers of a (R.M.) Commando, S.E.A.C.

Front row: Capt. C. A. Watkins, Capt. K. P. Parish, Major G. H. Stockley, the Commanding Officer, Major H. G. S. Saunders, Capt. E. M. Sturges, Capt. S. C. Hellis. Middle row: Capt. J. W. F. Richardson, R.A.M.C., Capt. A. Martin, Lt. S. C. Wintgens, Capt. O. N. St. J. Hamlin, M.B.E., Lts. J. I. H. Owen, P. H. Rider, W. W. H. Brydon, R. C. Steele, J. K. Lee, Rev. R. Clarke, R.N.V.R. Back row: Lts. D. H. Lewis, S. Henshall, A. E. Barrett, P. Shefford, A. R. White, C. N. C. Carryer, R. G. Acton, G. P. A. Bleasdel



D. R. Stuart

Officers of a Royal Naval Air Squadron

Front row: Lts. Maskell, Smith, Matthews, Lt.-Cdr. Montgomery, Lt. Wilson, Sub-Lts. Hore, Shillaker. Middle row: Lt. Battersley, Sub-Lts. Hutton, White, Stephenson, Schofield, Goodfellow, Burger, Harvey, Hall, Williams. Back row: Sub-Lts. Watts, Burneas, Hallam, Lee, Butterfield, Garvin, Brown, Law



D. R. Stuart

Officers of a Fleet Air Arm Target-Towing Squadron

Front row: Sub-Lt. (A) M. D. F. Brooshoof, Sub-Lt. (A) C. R. Pemberton-Bartlett, Lt.-Cdr. (A) G. V. Oddy, Lt. M. W. Wotherspoon, Sub-Lt. R. V. Woodward. Middle row: Sub-Lts. (A) R. V. Moon, W. A. Clarke, R. Lancaster, D. K. Lewis, T. R. Fernie, R. Wakeling. Back row: Sub-Lts. (A) R. Goadsby, (A) J. W. McGregor, R.N.Z.N.V.R., (A) J. D. McIntee. All officers are R.N.V.R. unless otherwise stated

Right:

Front row, on ground: Lt. D. R. Harrison, 2nd Lt. W. Meek, Lt. T. D. Watson, Capt. K. W. Francombe, Lts. B. A. Poole, R. Frith, F. Waters, Capt. N. Lax, Capt. H. Burrell, 2nd Lt. R. A. Ross, Lts. R. Parker, J. W. Sutherland, W. Todd. Second row: Capt. F. E. Watling, Major W. G. Harris, Major H. W. Smith, Capt. P. Wood, D.S.O., Majors R. A. Smeddle, T. F. W. Brown, A. J. Owen, R. Tindall, M.C., A. B. Leake, M.C. (2nd in Command), Lt.-Col. S. Riley Lord (C.O.), Capt. W. F. Dunne (Adj.), Capt. F. R. Robson (Q.M.), Majors R. D. Ropner, W. Buchanan, M.C., J. F. Chapman, Capt. D. A. Haggie, H. Stobbs, L. Golightly, C.S.M. S. Craggs. Third row: C.S.M. A. Hill, 2nd Lt. R. Hartley, Capt. W. J. Prince, 2nd Lt. M. M. Scarr, G.M., Lts. T. E. Moffatt, J. W. Huss, M.B.E., F. T. Walker, B. Davie, J. Scott, R. B. Raeburn, Capt. T. H. Smales, Lt. W. Henderson, Capt. R. C. Pearce, Lts. P. C. S. Smith, E. F. Welek, C. C. Wrightson, N. M. R. Duncan, W. F. Houghton, T. Heslop, Capt. C. M. Spielman, M.C. Fourth row: 2nd Lt. R. Rhind, Lt. T. Hancock, 2nd Lt. A. Gamble, 2nd Lt. W. C. Wylie, Lts. T. H. Shepherd, W. Robinson, H. Doran, T. Gibson, 2nd Lt. A. R. Alexander, Lts. H. Smith, D.C.M., J. A. Webster, H. Routledge, W. Proud, C. J. Gilbert, W. N. Carter, 2nd Lt. H. S. Matthews, Lt. C. W. Burnip, 2nd Lt. H. Scrope, 2nd Lt. V. S. Todd. Back row: 2nd Lt. J. G. Jewers, Lts. W. G. Young, R. Winn, J. Tarn, 2nd Lt. A. Puttick, Lts. W. A. Hall, J. H. C. Inness, W. R. Vickerton, R. E. Goundry, 2nd Lts. W. A. Haithwaite, S. Little, K. Crush, Lt. W. D. Pugh, 2nd Lts. A. Brennan, T. H. Summerson, Lt. F. Lupton, M.M., 2nd Lt. G. P. Pearson, Lt. A. Appleby, Lt. R. S. Challands



Officers of the 20th Durham (Darlington) Home Guard

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

"A Moment of Truth"

BRITISH church architects are known to have excelled in the perpendicular style. Something of the same kind might plausibly be said of British portraitists, for there can be no question that, for whatever reason, British horizontal portraits are exceedingly rare. There may indeed be something of moral prejudice in this rage for the vertical which has affected so many British sitters. Consider, for instance, one of the few exceptions which comes easily to mind—Joseph Wright's portrait of Sir Brooke Boothby. In this, the baronet reclines among the foxgloves and peeling beeches of his property; his costume is ill-adapted to country life, and his sagging lumbar and unopened copy of Rousseau are themselves a cautionary tale. Such moments of pastoral convention apart, British men and women have generally been painted bolt-upright, wearing their best and disengaged from all known forms of activity; and if the portraiture of the last 400 years has none the less added substantially to our knowledge of ourselves, the credit must go to the portrait-painters and not to the conspiracy of restriction within which they have worked. Portraiture at its best can represent, as between the painter and his subject, a moment of truth such as is rare in human relations; and in the history of British portrait-painting there are many such moments.

Thus, provocatively and boldly, does John Russell open his *British Portrait Painters* ("Britain in Pictures" Series, Collins; 4s. 6d.). This is not a book for those who merely wish to outfit themselves with a complete set of nice, safe opinions on one department of British painting. Mr. Russell's object has been to indicate the occurrence, and to analyse the (in some cases) different natures, of successive moments of truth that have happened in British portrait-painting. His sense of the "conspiracy of restriction," once stated, remains palpably present: it does not need to be underlined. The result is a brilliant long essay—or short treatise.

"Some," say his publishers cautiously, watching him take the floor, "of Mr. Russell's opinions may seem subversive," but they will certainly give matter for reflection to all readers."

Englishmen

IT may be noted that we tend to rely, for accounts of our ancestors, on the visiting foreigner. It took several centuries of conscious life to make the British look twice at themselves or be critically descriptive of one another. And not for some time after portrait-painting began did (at least, to any effect) the British painter confront the British sitter, eye to eye, for the joint ordeal of the moment of truth. It is to Holbein, as Mr. Russell says, that we owe our first collective view of the English, of one class and at one time. Van Dyck, who arrived here in 1632, and Lely, who reached us nine years later, are two, universally known, of the many

foreigners who, in order to paint the British, crossed the water. Mr. Russell's notes on subsidiary foreigners of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are valuable. In all cases, from Van Dyck on, or down, there seems to have been the same—an interesting—development: either the painting of English subjects imposed an English technique on the foreign brush, or the newcomers were influenced by the work of indigenous, not necessarily always outstanding, English portrait-painters. Van Dyck was, says Mr. Russell, "deeply impressionable"; his English portraits, so easily distinguishable from his earlier work, are in effect an adaptation of traits which were already conspicuous in our best native artists and had been painstakingly evolved over a long period of years."

The first English portrait-painter of note was Nicholas Hilliard, a Devon man born just over 400 years ago. He was a miniaturist: most of his portraits are small enough to lie on the palm of one's hand. To this intimacy of size, Mr. Russell remarks, was added one of purpose, for "the miniature was often meant to recall . . . the aspect of someone beloved. All portraits are answers to particular questions, and Hilliard knew well that only a picture conceived upon a high plane of imagination could withstand the ceaseless patrol of loving eyes." His miniature of Queen Elizabeth (done for the Earl of Leicester) is reproduced, in its fine clearness and beautiful colour. It gives, at least to me, much more the feeling that here is a complex, sentient personality than do any



Cecil Beaton

Pablo Picasso is still working in Paris, and his famous two-storey studio on the left bank of the Seine has been for the years of the German occupation the rendezvous of anti-Nazi painters, poets and writers. He is photographed above with one of his paintings, which shows the artist's present pre-occupation with figures which give the observer the effect of looking at the subject from front and side at the same time

of those full-size, full-rig portraits of the Queen. First equipped as a craftsman (jeweller, goldsmith, medallist), Hilliard, while forgetting nothing of craft, had the temperamental mobility of the artist: he was an English son of the Renaissance.

History and the Portrait

"ADVANCES in art," says Mr. Russell, "are rarely without some relation to public affairs." Throughout *British Portrait Painters*

he keeps his subject in evident relation to history. In the sixteenth century, religious wars on the Continent, persecutions or massacres of Protestants, explain the arrival in this country of a number of refugee artists, who rapidly found their feet. The Low Countries were generously represented. Charles I.'s patronage of the arts, and the striking paintability of the figures surrounding him, have left us a glittering range of portraits. To the Civil War we owe William Dobson's graceful and gallant trio of Cavalier officers; but also the Roundhead victory was to make it necessary for artists to change their tune. Lely showed himself particularly accommodating; and in this, says Mr. Russell, he had a native example. "It is tempting, when considering Robert Walker's work, to believe that periods get the painters they deserve; his portraits of Hampden, Cromwell and Ireton seize exactly the mood of outraged resolution, in which an army of serving-men and tapsters was led against the Cavaliers. There is always a lot of metalwork in a Walker portrait; and above the heavy plate-armour rises usually a face pale with some noble congestion of thought."

Portraiture, as the most social form of painting, rose naturally to its British greatest in the great

(Concluded on page 120)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

WELL-CUT Simple Tastes are rather like well-cut simple

By Richard King

clothes—ininitely more expensive than the stock-size variety. One would think that surrounding peace, plus modern conveniences, would be an easy earthly bliss to obtain. It is not. Try and find a flat in London, under a rental of £500 a year, which is not the victim of every noise, mechanical or natural, which humanity can devise, consciously or unconsciously. Try and find a cottage in the country where, before you have so little as made yourself a cup of tea, inquisitive neighbours are not buzzing around, so that before you can call your rural soul your own, you are dragged into this and that, to become the centre of excitement which a new face in a socially-dull neighbourhood immediately arouses.

I have come to the conclusion that to live a purely personal life of your own requires either a four-figure income well able to cock a snook at the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, or the reputation for being stone-deaf, incipiently mad or such a curmudgeon as would justify the angels in Heaven using a Tommy-gun. Otherwise you are quickly dragged into the swim or, metaphorically speaking, rolled over this way and that in the social backwash. Speaking personally, so long as I have one real friend within call, I can be comparatively at rest if I am merely on nodding acquaintance with the remainder of the world. Is there anything more mentally devastating than having to keep up a bright conversation about really nothing at all? If there is—then still give me

a book, music, some lovely pictures to look at, because I don't want to endure it. Indeed, if life could not offer me a silent refuge, be it only a bed-sitting-room at the top of the house, then death can have me willingly, and, to be quite honest, I should be so irritable that everyone would be only too glad to see me go!

I envy people who simply must have company, because theirs is such an easily-obtained blessedness. Nevertheless, I usually find them rather boring. Equally, I envy the people who can turn on the wireless at breakfast and enjoy it as a background until they go to bed, those who feel lonely if there isn't a crowd inside their homes or outside, and will procure any book from the lending-library which the young person behind the desk recommends, and those who enjoy queuing, would sooner look at shops than at bluebells, and infinitely prefer Henry Hall and his orchestra to anything the nightingale can do. Theirs is such an easy modern beatitude to come by. Mine, although on the face of it almost a human right in a civilised world, is extremely difficult to obtain under a four-figure income.

Nevertheless, I am still convinced that if it became compulsory for everyone to spend a period of each day in the solitude of their own silent contemplation, the world—no matter how crowded with men's ingenuity in creating entertainment—would be an infinitely more intelligent place to live and die in. Yea, even though 99 per cent. of men and women simply don't believe me.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Sweeting — Seth-Smith

Vandyk

Capt. Henry Kenneth Sweeting, Coldstream Guards, only son of Mr. H. C. Sweeting, of Cote Heath, Buxton, Derbyshire, married Miss Aileen Dorothy Seth-Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Keith Seth-Smith, of Upton Grey Lodge, Basingstoke, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



G. W. Briggs Morley — Hood

Lt. Anthony Morley, The Life Guards, second son of Mr. and Mrs. John Morley, of Alcombe Manor, Box, Wiltshire, and Miss Georgina Mary Hood, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Oscar Hood, of Bucknill House, Calne, Wiltshire, were married in December at St. George's, Hanover Square



Right: Major Kenneth Grierson, The Royal Warwickshire Regt., married Miss Daphne Olive Lambart, younger daughter of the Ven. the Hon. H. E. S. S. Lambart, Archdeacon of Salop, of Plex House, Hadnall, Shropshire, at St. Martin's, Preston Gobalds, Shropshire

Grierson — Lambart



Hay — Howard Smith

Lt. Tempest Hay, R.N., only surviving son of the late Mr. C. T. Hay and of Mrs. Hay, of Alcombe, Minchhead, and Miss Frances Howard Smith, elder daughter of the late Mr. C. Howard Smith and of Mrs. Howard Smith, of 20, Grosvenor Court, S.W., were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Youngs — Porter

Capt. H. R. Youngs, The Royal Dragoon Guards, youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Youngs, of King's Lynn, married Miss Sheila Porter, second daughter of Dr. and the late Mrs. Charles Porter, of 69, Clifton Hill, N.W., at St. Mark's, Hamilton Terrace



Stilwell — Fitzherbert-Brockholes

Lt. Francis Bartholomew Stilwell, R.N.V.R., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. F. Stilwell, of Lisbon, Portugal, married Miss Pamela Mary Fitzherbert-Brockholes, eldest daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Fitzherbert-Brockholes, of Cloughton Hall, Garstang, Lancashire, at Brompton Oratory



Hartip

The Hon. Mrs. Martin Charteris

The marriage took place on December 16 of the Hon. Gay Margesson, second daughter of Viscount Margesson and Mrs. France Leggett, and Lt.-Col. the Hon. Martin Charteris, The King's Royal Rifle Corps, second son of the late Capt. Lord Elcho and of Lady Violet Benson

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 106)

be, raining and cold, and the temperature in the Chapel so particularly chilly that Lady Mary wisely decided to keep on her hip-length jacket of blue fox.

As the bride's father, Lord Ellesmere, died some six months ago and her only brother is a prisoner of war, she was given away by her uncle, the Hon. Thomas Egerton, and at the reception at 23 Knightsbridge, the guests were received by Lady Jane Scrope and Capt. the Hon. Claud Lambton, who is the bride's uncle. Although Lady Mary has many young nephews and nieces, the only young relative present was Mrs. Williamson's seven-year-old son, Nicholas, whose father was killed in action a couple of years ago. The big yellow drawing-room was used for the occasion, and it is interesting to note that the curtains and brocaded walls remain just as they were in the days when it was the town residence of the late Lord and Lady Lovelace.

Theatre Nights

Two recent social occasions were the opening performances at Wyndham's Theatre of Daphne du Maurier's *The Years Between*, which brought film-star Clive Brook back to the stage.

Major and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe were among the first-night audience, and so were Lady Eleanor Smith, who came with Cathleen Nesbit, Lady Juliet Duff and Lady Douglas. Bronson Albery brought Dorothy Hyson, and Margaretta Scott was accompanied by John Byron, the young actor who did so well at Stratford last year. Mrs. Brook watched the play with her son, Clive junior.

The second performance of the show was given in aid of the Allied Airborne Forces Security Fund, and a packed house included Lord Kindersley, Brig.-Gen. Richard G. Tindall, the American Military Attaché; Lady Burney, who was with Mrs. Robert Post; Major Lawrence Kimball, the M.P. for Loughborough; and the Hon. Carol and Mrs. Fellowes. Miss Browning, sister of Mt.-Gen. F. A. M. Browning, who until recently was Deputy-Commander of the Allied Airborne Army and is now Chief of Staff to Lord Louis Mountbatten, was chatting to Brig. H. D. K. and Mrs. Money, and that good-looking pair Col. and Mrs. Iain Murray were greeting friends in the foyer. Air/Cdre. Wouters represented the Belgian Ambassador, who was unfortunately laid low with an attack of 'flu.



Gifts from Australia for Officers' Families

Lady Smith-Dorrien (President of the Clothing Branch of the Officers' Families' Fund) received from Lady Sykes and Miss Edith McLean (chairman and secretary of the Women's War Committee of the Royal Empire Society in London) the forty-fifth consignment of clothing from the Women War Workers' unit of the Society in Sydney, Australia. The ceremony took place at the Royal School of Needlework in London.

Stop-Press Roundabout

At the May Fair, Greta Gynt, just back from Edinburgh, where her portrait has been painted by Mr. Cowan Dobson for later presentation to a Norwegian Fighter Squadron; also Bebe Daniels, who has been busy these last few months entertaining isolated units of the Forces as far North as Wick, Aberdeen and John o' Groat's, and who is back in London for the reopening of the very successful musical *Panama Hattie*, due at the Adelphi to-morrow night.

At the New Theatre for the first performance of *Uncle Vanya*, by the Old Vic Theatre Company, Lord Keynes with his wife, the former Lydia Lopokoff; pianist Benno Moiseiwitch, admiring the work of his daughter Tanya, who designed the scenery and costumes; Vivien Leigh, watching the excellent performance given by her husband, Laurence Olivier, as Astrov, and accompanied by ballet-dancer Robert Helpmann; playwright Terence Rattigan; designer Oliver Messel; actresses Margaretta Scott and Ursula Jeans; and so on and so on.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 118)

British social century—the eighteenth. My inevitable interest in the novel directs me to the parallel, which is fascinating, between the two arts at this propitious time, and both were to take, in the following nineteenth century, the same fatal and weakening swerve away from reality. In the eighteenth century, British portraiture, architecture and novel-writing had qualities not to be found again. Humanistic vision, also preoccupation with the human enigma that remained dusky in an apparently fully daylight age, animated the pens of Fielding, Richardson, Sterne and Smollett: their contemporaries (within, at least, a few decades) in the art Mr. Russell studies were Reynolds, Gainsborough and Hogarth. On the subject of these three giants Mr. Russell, invited to use his full perceptions, is admirable. He also points out our debt

to lesser, conversational painters of the period, such as Zoffany and Devis.

Proportion

"BRITISH PORTRAIT PAINTERS" is, as a study, first-rate in its unflinching sense of proportion. I could not, without being more categorical than would be proper in a review, enumerate the names of the many painters whom Mr. Russell either introduces to our knowledge or brings up for fresh and closer attention. The virtue of this imaginative, as well as informed, criticism is that it does not so much pass judgments as invite them, which is why I said, at the start, that *British Portrait Painters* is not a book for those who would have dealt out to them ready-made "views."—It deals not, disjunctly, with a succession of painters, but with portrait-painting itself, as a whole. And this method works out particularly well when, with the nineteenth century, great British portraits become isolated phenomena. In his assessment of his and our contemporaries and his definitions of modern trends, Mr. Russell professes caution, but remains independent.

The illustrations are, as you may imagine, not the least feature of *British Portrait*



Lord Greene, Master of the Rolls, Principal of the Working Men's College from 1936 until last September, has given to the College a portrait of himself by Gluck, reproduced above. The College provides education for working men at nominal fees. Its masters are voluntary, and among them have been many famous men. Lord Greene is succeeded by Sir Wilfrid Eady

Painters. One must regret that their number had to have limit: the choice and the placing, however, have been well done; all are apposite, bearing out Mr. Russell's points. We have even our errant baronet, Sir Brooke Boothby, horizontal above the first paragraph.

Resistance in the Alps

IN *Avalanche* (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.), Kay Boyle, whose distinguished name has up to now been associated with novels and stories subtle, atmospheric and indirect, gives us 'straightforward adventure, touched with heroic love-interest. Her young heroine, Fenton—French on her father's side, American on her mother's—returns, in October 1942, to the French Alpine village of Truex, where she was brought up; and which, with its surroundings, has been the scene of her childish, but quickly maturing, love for the guide Bastineau. Fenton, with her parents, had left Truex and France for America before France fell: she has lately been able to return with an American relief expedition working in Unoccupied France, and a few days' leave from Lyons now make possible her search of Truex. For search it is. Fenton, if only half-French by birth, is wholly so in emotion; none the less, her return to these beloved scenes is inspired, as she admits to herself, by the passionate hope of again seeing Bastineau, or even of hearing news of him.

Of news there seems to be none. In Truex, Fenton finds herself confronted by shut faces and a semi-hostile conspiracy of silence; she is made to feel that, having deserted France in her anguish, she must now for ever be an outsider. And, indeed, a few hours in this stern, stricken village are enough to rebuke in Fenton what now seems a purely selfish emotion. The contrast between private motive and impersonal patriotic motive is, by Miss Boyle, magnificently brought out. The Truex people—the peasants, mountaineers, farmers, even the curé—are taut with secretive activity; the mountains hold vital secrets.

Fenton has arrived on the same train as an apparently blameless Swiss business man in search, he says, of the body of a friend's son who was killed, when climbing, by the fall of an avalanche. By degrees this de Vaudois' connection with the Gestapo, and its sinister threat to the Truex patriots, emerge. *Avalanche*, though on too high a literary level to be classed with "thrillers" in the ordinary sense, is as exciting, also as workmanlike, as any thriller; besides being a picture of a (to some of us) little-known part of France.

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Photographs by Dermot Conolly

Above: pale blue and nigger join forces in this. The coat is of pale-blue fleck material, full-skirted and caught in at the waist by a broad band slotted through with plain nigger material which ties in a bow in front. Right: royal, shrimp, cherry, emerald, mustard and pale blue—all lovely clear colours—lend this coat enchantment. The three buttons are giant-size. Both coats are on sale at Jaeger shops next month

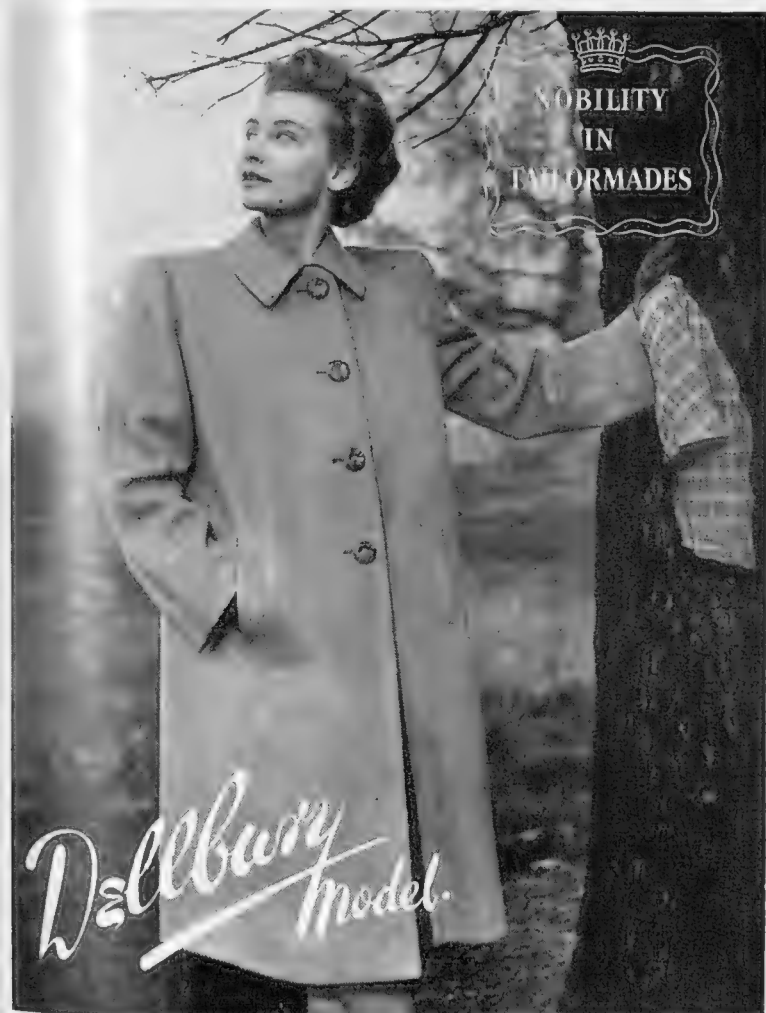


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Stories from Everywhere

A WOMAN had called on the vicar with a distressing tale about her daughter, who was very ill. She was anxious for the vicar to visit the girl.

"I'll certainly call on her," said the vicar. "But I don't remember ever having seen you in my church. Do you attend often?"

The woman shook her head. "No," she replied. "We happen to be chapel people."

The vicar looked surprised. "Then why didn't you send for your own minister?"

"Oh, it wouldn't be fair," was the reply. "You see, it's scarlet fever my daughter's got."

BECAUSE a soldier stationed on a South Pacific Island was having trouble with his back, the medical officer ordered hot baths. So an outside wash-boiler was borrowed from the mess sergeant, set on a cook-stove, and a fire built underneath. When the water was steaming nicely, four men picked up the suffering man to help him in.

A white-haired native, who had watched the proceedings with evident disapproval, exclaimed: "Me fella no do that no more!"

IT was a dull day, and the two little sardines were swimming aimlessly about. In a bored tone, one of them suggested they should go away for the weekend.

"Oh, no," objected his companion. "It's much too long a swim."

"We could make the trip on the train," ventured the first sardine.

"What!" shouted the second. "And be jammed in like human beings!"

WHAT are you going to give your husband for a Christmas present?" asked one wife.

"Oh, a hundred cigars," replied the second wife.

"What did you pay for them?"

"Nothing! For the last few months I have taken one or two from his box daily. He hasn't noticed it and will be delighted with my tact in getting the kind he always smokes."

FROM the *Irish Press* comes the following:—

One of our leading citizens went about town last week saying:—

"What is a twack? Can anybody tell me what a twack is?"

Nobody could. Not even the stationmaster.

"Well," said the citizen, "it is what a twain runs on."

A LECTURE on Safety First had just been given to the junior scholars. As the schoolmaster ceased a hand shot up and a voice inquired: "Is it true, sir, that if you are killed or injured in a tram or bus the Corporation have to pay your family a sum of money?"

"Certainly, if it is not the person's own fault," was the reply. "Does any one else wish to ask a question?"

"Please, sir, do you get your penny back as well?"

THE teacher told the children that there were some cats without tails, and drew a sympathetic "Oh," in response. She hastened to explain that they were born like that.

"I wonder," she added, "if any one can tell me what these cats are called?"

After a moment a hand went up, and a little girl ventured: "Would they be called utility cats?"

A Swiss paper published this story about King Christian of Denmark. The King likes to tell how, as a young man, he was riding in the country and stopped at a farm for a glass of water. As he dismounted, he saw a small boy and asked him to hold his horse. The boy eyed him suspiciously.

"Does the horse bite?" he asked.

"No, it's as gentle as a lamb."

"Does it kick?"

"No, never."

"Does it run away?"

"No, you need not be afraid of that."

The boy gave him a look. "Then why on earth do you want me to hold it?"

George Gee is in the new farce by Philip King, presented by Jack De Leon at the Comedy Theatre. "See How They Run" observes all the well-known traditions of farce. Clergymen without trousers, bishops with a taste for brandy, mistaken identity and confusion all round, add up to a hilariously crazy comedy in which George Gee as the lance corporal who mislays his uniform and resorts to a borrowed dog-collar sets the pace



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Wing Commander and Mrs. J. B. Tait received congratulations from members of the bridegroom's squadron after their Brompton Oratory wedding. W/Cdr. Tait, who has the D.S.O. and three bars and the D.F.C., took part in the sinking of the Tirpitz, and his bride, formerly Miss Betty Eileen Plummer, is a Flight Officer in the W.A.A.F. With them here are: Flight Lieutenant D. R. Bayne, D.F.C., Warrant Officer M. D. Vaughan, Flying Officer A. J. Ward, Flying Officer W. A. Daniel, D.F.C., Flight Sergeant A. Gallagher, Flight Lieutenant D. D. Chapman

Screwless

As ever with a new thing in aviation there is a muddle about the name. We have now the terms "jet propulsion," "gas turbine," "reaction drive," "recoil drive," "rocket drive," "impulse duct" and "resonance reaction." Which means what and why?

As I understand it the terms reaction drive and recoil drive are meant to cover all forms of airscrewless drive at present in use. Jet propulsion is intended to cover the form of airscrewless drive in which oxygen for combustion is taken in from the outside air, whereas rocket drive is intended to cover that form of airscrewless drive in which no outside air is taken in but the machine carries everything needed for combustion within its body. Impulse duct engines and resonance reaction engines are one and the same, and that is the kind employed in the German flying bomb. They are, therefore, forms of jet propulsion engines, or equally they could be called forms of reaction drive or recoil drive engines. The gas turbine is the Whittle engine, and it might also be, and often is, included within the three terms just mentioned.

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Now all this is confusing. If one delves into the problem one finds that there are two main needs: first, for a term which means that the drive is produced without an airscrew; and second, for two sub-terms to differentiate the rocket from the jet. The various forms of jet, whether impulse duct or gas turbine, hardly need special terms for general use. I hope the neological experts will write to me if they have any suggestion to make about a term meaning "airscrewless." And let me remind them that the jet effect is not that of blowing and that the R.A.F. slang term "squirt" is not acceptable for general use because it is not really accurate.

Training

It is most curious that the United States of America, which is the most individualist country in the world, should adopt what one might call statistical or communist methods in its pilot training. Those British students who have gone to America to be trained there have much praise for the American methods; but they seem to be agreed that those methods are inhuman and mechanical. I mean that the individual is not studied as such. He is bunched in with all the others, and his ability is read off a chart and not off a person. When you have unlimited man-power this statistical method is probably sound. You can throw out any number of doubtful pupils and always obtain an equal number of replacements next day. But when man-power is limited, or when the occasion is such that even the country with the largest circulation is being tried to the limits, then the statistical method may have some disadvantages. It is a known fact, for instance, that the two greatest fighting pilots of the first World War would both have failed to get into operational flying if their abilities had been judged solely by the statistical and mathematical methods of today. Neither Albert Ball nor the Frenchman Guynemer was an inspiring pupil.

Those are the exceptions for which the statistical method does not cater. I would say that the United States method of putting people through their training and of throwing them out if they do not come up to the standards expected, eliminates the brilliant man. It provides a great number of well-trained men, all of whom can be relied upon to do a certain job in a certain way with a certain degree of efficiency. They will be sound and disciplined. But they will never be brilliant.

Machines or Minds

BUT although I see these defects in the American system, I am also aware that it is the system of the present and of the future. We tend towards the statistical method to an increasing extent. We rely upon figures rather than upon characters. So for the vast air forces of the future the right thing may well be to train in accordance with a statistical method. The air war of tomorrow will not have its heroes. It will have its great fighting units; but not its great fighting men. All of which sounds a little depressing. And when I make these depressing points to my friends they accuse me of looking to the past; of saying that the good old days were always better than the present. In some things I do say that. And I say it because the evidence leads me to suppose that it is true. I would emphatically state that air war, like other kinds of war, becomes more bestial, more inhuman, more oblivious of human characters and characteristics as it develops. I would say that the air war of 1915 was a less evil thing than the air war of 1918. I would say that the air war of 1918 was a less evil thing than the air war of 1945. And I would challenge anybody to produce evidence to the contrary. There is no point in pretending that everything is improving. I have no brief for the past, the present or the future. I only note that today is a less pleasant day to live in than the day before yesterday, and that it may well be true that the good old days were good and the bad present days bad. At any rate, I shall be glad to hear from any one who has genuine evidence to the contrary.



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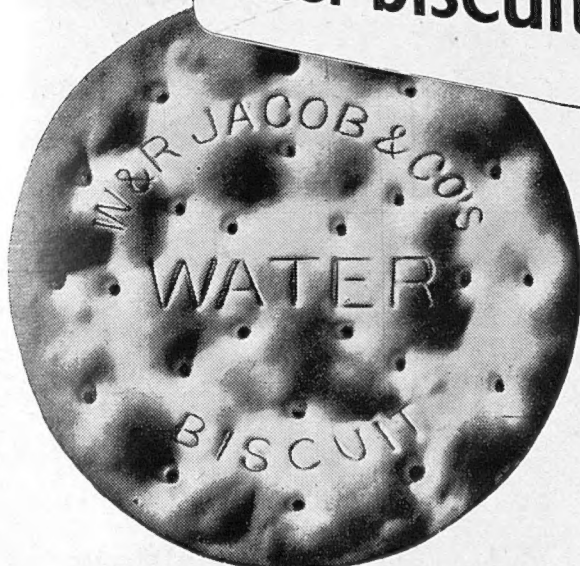
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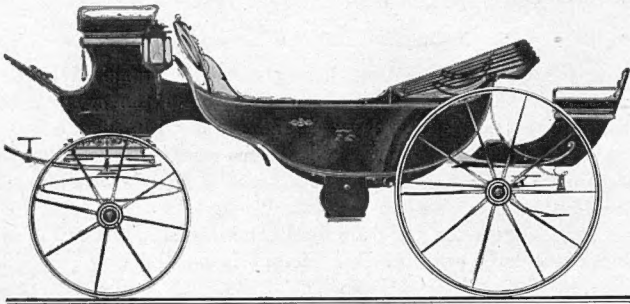
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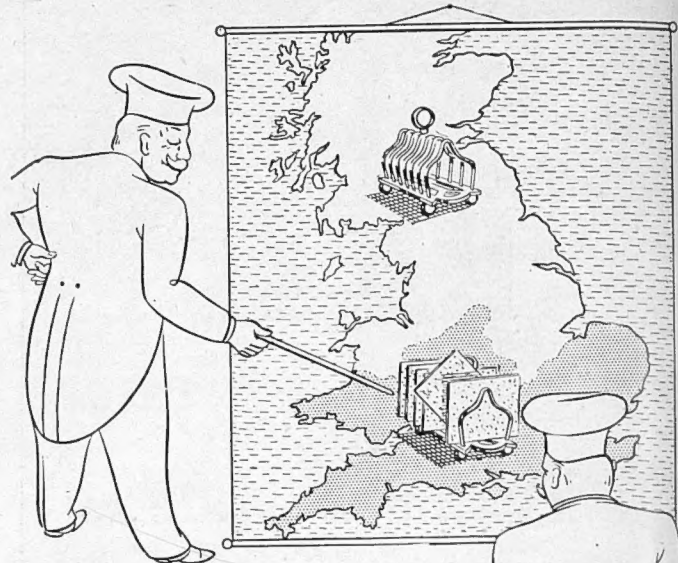
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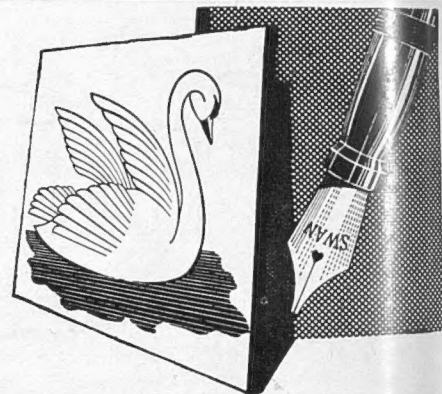
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